

IN APPROPRIATED PRESSES



JUNE 2018

#11

A DECADE OF CHANGE

called the *Enragés* (the madmen). The *Enragés* demanded immediate relief of the acute suffering of the people They called

The IN-APPROPRIATED PRESS #11

A Zine of Weird Shit & letters'n shit for Roanoke's Anti-Community (shit)
and their weird friends around the world

**FOR Making Roanoke a place for BETTER
FIGHTING BUILDING BRIGHTER, COUNCIL
COMMON family. FIGHTING all of us.**

Featuring:

K-Marx
Bill Blake
Jack Foley
Warren Fry
Diane Keys
Jim Leftwich
Visma Bruns
Musicmaster
Juanita Chriss
Ivan Argüelles
Bradley Chriss
Neural Necrosis
John M. Bennett
C. Mehrl Bennett
Célestin Nanteuil
Steve Dalachinsky
Wilhelm Katastrof
Olchar E. Lindsann
Megan Blafas-Chriss



— by Visma Brun & C. Mehrl Bennett

for live avant-performance, see
Art Rat Studios on facebook

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Monocle-Lash Anti-Press on facebook

Published Despite Your Desires to the Contrary
in Roanoke, Virginia

June A.Da. 102/A.H. 188

(2018 A.D. depending on your chronological priorities)

THE POMEGRANATE

left the ships off shore at dusk fully
the red-head recurring in dream after dream
at a loss as to which direction once the wind
had dropped her pretenses to set sail
unsure whether land could be gained
come moon-fall and the glittering canopy
who could name the heroes who lay
heaping sands over their heads and counting
she flicked a switch setting metal vibrating
voices such as they were tangled in notes
the Doric scale the pentatonic tortoise-shell
garbled words of the Pythian red-haired
shifting in the shallow waters dazed
if one could come to terms with darkness
unexpected always the deaths who lay
restless in a multiple sleep waiting battle
hers was the next day no one arrived
the sails went slack a portent and roaring
similitude of human speech the statues
voracious for the divine light puzzled
her skirt wound around and waited
a stone laved by the incoming tide
inky froth slapping the slender vanishing
an earthquake like shock reverberated
her painted mouth her eyes glazed
porphyry shadows byzantine luster
which was the first to succumb to the fruit
held in her hand the ripe pomegranate
began to drop their heads in a narcotic
doze the guards half totem half beast
before midnight how many still in thought
the juices ruddy and sweet and the seeds

scattered carelessly in their wake
foot prints in damp clay and the owl
hidden in the whispering boughs afraid
that she would in her glistening moist skin
song erupting from the recording of her tongue
ancient syllabary like the deepening waves
could hear the dull splash as bodies
began to plummet in a profound reverie
messenger of the gods come to receive
their beautiful drowned faces and bouquets
of flowing hair in the ebbing pools
how many times has this been written
and in what dialect and in what madness
to be unable to number the ships
some pulled up on dry land and the rust
already like a thick stain on the horizon
way after the sun had already set
her finger making a glass of music
wet sequences of an epic recitation
anklets and hair-do and huge earrings
inscribed with fish-like signs flashing
life's parenthetical illusions like hieroglyphs
knife and luster of her eyes unhesitating
dropped the husk of the fruit an echo
enter the other portal of Morpheus
doppelganger shimmering phantom her
slipped under the sheets the dampened
her face an orient of incomprehension
and the ships aging in their Hour
north winds siroccos zephyrs of hair
not remembering how sleep ends
night's immense photograph

05-14-18

— by Ivan Argüelles



- by Célestin Nanteuil



- by Musicmaster



the plenty comb

leak sneeze door scum
yr half thought slaw up
lit thigh razor lung your
eye slaboration "la crapule
la cocarde" - Daphné Bitchatch

)cara o tormenta(fleas and
rinse ,lunch coagulation s
pin it off yr steep shoe
"Ranger avant de partir,
lier, sablier" - D.B.

reason shorts yr spendless
lung tombeau ou pain de
sand tus uñas melt be
fore the grappled thynntax
useless in wind

"nous nous assommerons de
ces ombres acquittés" - D.B.
mais non mais nom de leau
mis ondas mis labios mis
rustless seethings in the landfill

BE BLANK

slaw o coagulation
lip o
nom o ombre

-by John M. Bennett

Present Passtion

(Grabbing bits of Bennett's *la mierda de siempre* in passing)

Does friendship so small it
don't ceasexist with a present
Must it begin before death?
but "live in the past" you death?
Present the and the Absent the,
Must exercise Death and the Present
past happened such irksome
already it don't control our over
Potential, the not happened yet
Present and the Past, the Present
And why exist you "live in the
it don't loves and alliances?
this bracketing of the already
Present future" has passed
Can those who with Death?
when are you are not Present
when are you yet act? Can
writing this *la mierda*? between
there be immortal no intercourse
exist future Potential and the Past?;

-Olchar E. Lindsann

blit blat blit blat blit blat
-by John M. Bennett



Barr Barr Barr Barr Barr Barr

shoreskullshoreskullshore
skullshoreskullshoreskull
shoreskullshoreskullshore
skullshoreskullshoreskull
shoreskull **WIND** skullshore
skullshoreskullshoreskull
shoreskullshoreskullshore
skullshoreskullshoreskull
shoreskullshoreskullshore

WET

bloodwindbloodwindblood
windbloodwindbloodwind
bloodwindbloodwindblood
windbloodwindbloodwind
bloodwind **STONE** windblood
windbloodwindbloodwind
bloodwindbloodwindblood
windbloodwindbloodwind
bloodwindbloodwindblood

WALT

On the Community of Activated Obsessions

Olchar E. Lindsamm

To build and maintain truly transformative social spaces requires a degree of rigour; the entire apparatus of the state, of capital, and of culture are arrayed against us. Difference, diversity, and divergence within and between communities of dissent is also necessary – in their absence we will find ideology, hierarchy, dogma. Here is one of many polarities between whose poles the permanent revolution – the eternal network – is activated. Most countercultural communities are good either at diversity or at rigour; the balance is difficult to attain and even harder to preserve.

On the one hand, empathy all often gives way to “rigour” when the latter is reduced to litmus-tests of whatever kind (ideology, productivity, etc.). Moreover, genuine rigour tends to isolate those willing to undertake it, to the degree which they succeed; we are culturally conditioned to equate leisure with normalcy, and with the dampening of thought. Those who are rigorous are therefore avoided or humoured as eccentric, obsessed, too wound-up, yadda yadda. (Admittedly, they are often {truly} insufferable). Finally, it so easily eases into control: suppressing difference, becoming the new Law. We end up with Breton or Stalin issuing excommunications.

On the other hand, when diversity is valued, it can also be a temptation into the path of least resistance: radical, active, yes, for everybody pursues their own goals and practices; but without rigorously sharing and co-ordinating them, without analysing this collective action and pushing each other to radicalize themselves further. The enthusiasm and pursuit remains, but its revolutionary potential withers away. It is upon the latter reef (the preferable, if one must choose) that my own communities are typically in more danger of crashing. As each pursues their own rarified pursuits and projects, those projects are no longer viscerally real to each other, no longer affect each other's outlook in positively disorienting ways. We end up talking less about what we love most, because we know that nobody else shares that love, or has the context, or really cares; easier to share our other loves, the ones we share – whilst the other half of our lives and projects languish in the half-light. The challenge mounts with age. Our moments of intensity become gradually sequestered from everyday life, largely confined to shows, concerts, festivals, celebrations. The communal energy, the sense of radical challenge and possibility, is replaced by nostalgia for past adventures. Things get too comfy.

Therefore, we must consciously, explicitly, and collectively develop new forms of rigour, which are not *standardized*, but rather empower our separate ventures while enriching our communal experience and contributing, in conscious and playfully coordinated ways, to resisting the continued encroachment of Power.

Our friendships, collaborations, and conversations should not be founded on our similarities, with our differences, our individual obsessions and eccentricities as garnishes; they should take find their greatest joy and inspiration from playing with those differences, exploring

the surprising and instructive ways in which our similarities and differences interpenetrate. This is where constructive intensity derives. It prevents our individual passions from becoming solipsistic, our strengths from falling prey to our weaknesses, our specializations becoming myopias. It keeps our ideas triangulated, fresh, nimble, ready to do battle against ignorance, bigotry and nefarious sophistry. It keeps our Commons well cross-fertilized and vibrant, creates new ways of living, thinking, and acting through the juxtapositions of radically different awarenesses, skills, and perspectives.

At certain times and places, dissenting communities have made this *ecstatic intersection of difference* the cornerstone of their lifestyles; examples include the multicultural revelers at Merrymount, many anarchist collectives, the French Romantics, the Dada movement, and large swaths of the New Left. One common model for such communities have been the salons of the 18th and 19th Centuries, in which leisure, performance, conversation, lecture, political debate, dancing, and intellectual discussion were thoroughly interwoven between people of widely differing backgrounds and orientations; this form has been adopted and radicalized by alternative communities since before the French Revolution. One could work out countless potential strategies for developing and maintaining this state, and elaborate strategies for dialogue *between* various dissenting communities; but as this is meant to be a brief essay, I shall be content with proposing a few humble ideas, deriving from the salon model, to integrate *regularly* within a community when we gather to hang out

- Each give an informal report on our current, or constant, preoccupation: whatever project, quest, research, or question we are pursuing. Unexpected parallels between us will invariably arise and reveal new possibilities and interpretations; over time, these will become truly shared projects; their contexts and implications understood.
- Each bring a piece of music to play, a dish you've prepared, an excerpt of text to read, a piece of artwork, a bit of film to watch, etc. Something you've made or something you've found – anything to give a glimpse into the liberatory or revolutionary potential that you are seeking.
- Pass around books, drawings, zines, sketchbooks, sculptures, enigmatic objects you found in the street, while you talk.
- Play Surrealist games – easy to pass around while you bullshit. Other Surrealist games too; or derive, or collage. Take turns “taking minutes” for posterity, however ludicrous or fictional or incomprehensible they may be.
- Try imposing a rule: nobody says anything that everybody in the room already knows. Better to let silence give birth to something new.

Small steps; but by directing our *fun* into channels of adventure rather than comfort, by transforming how we act and think and speak together, our friendships will be deeper, richer, more empathetic and resilient. We will become more adventurous, supple, and rigorous in our demands to live with integrity, and more effective in everything we do.

remember we are all used to eating less
than the 'average American' and take it easy
before we
ever notice we're hungry the rest of the folk will be starving
used as they are to meat and fresh milk daily
and help will arrive, until the day no help arrives
and then you're on your own.

from Revolutionary Letter #3 (1968)

Diane di Prima, American poet, activist & historianographer, b. 1934,

Joe McPhee, American jazz multi-instrumentalist, composer, improviser, theoretician & educator, b. 1939: "Remember, freedom is a work in progress."

MURO ONDEADO

- Gracias a Nguyen Dao Claude

ULULULUL **U** LULULULULULLLLLLLLLLLARRRRRRRRR*R*

MURMARMORMERMIR

[illegible]

HEAVY WAVY HEAVY WAVY HEAVY WAVY HEAVY WAVY
WAVY HEAVY WAVY HEAVY WAVY WAVY HEAVY WAVY

HEAVY
WAVY
HEAV
WAV
HEA
WA
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W
h

KAMOG! KAMOG!

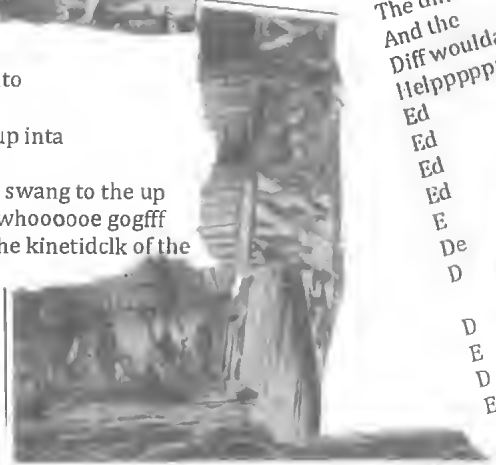


—by Bradley Christ

11..
 I couldn't help but see that god damn thing burn down.
 Wondering for all of the wonderin' how things could be
 Up and down this way
 And how the whole down way coulddddaaaa beeeeeeen sundered like in this two
 ways of a broek ass mirror down in the way down..
 I couldn't see no difference and that's what made us as all so sad w e puk e d a l l up
 into our laps and wished for a difference.

DEDE

I III.
I told em
That all of those places we
Toledo...
Detroit...
Hartford...
Baltimore....
Ain't not scukin magic yet in those werds..
But fuck all
One day in a thousand years..an imagination
Won't bridge that shit
And here we are sayin
Fuck u for all this...we knew it coulda bceeeecceeeen





ex Pedition

“ d I see the bodies floating in
the river, and I know that will be my
lot also. Ind

[...]

urable dream.
The mountain fashioned a dream for
Enkidu; it came, an ominous dream; a
cold sh ”

-Gilgamesh.

a burden bristling of the keenvoiced blades
i neath s ,tumble
bent dragging rasping in convulsed parade
we launch seaward leaward veinward
tongues of steel salivating
spitstreamed in the wailing wind
for savoury skin
whistling
wherein
a throng of willow walking
a crush of staves
I follow trip sleeveskin shredded
in the broadswords' bites the
equine procession topped with clouds of wreath a
forest mounted twists
breezebattered flagrant through the mountainpass
in file we descend in razors to the darkling
vale
terror wheezing from my pores to nerves
trail of clatters gleaming swords aslip



POSITIVE CHANGE

HOME AND

AMERICANS FOR

Olchar E. Lindsann
Rounds first!
The first to emerge
From the damaged fuselage
Was the captain, Olchar E. Lindsann
If we're thinking of the
World of sports
Few names are as familiar as
That of Olchar E. Lindsann
With champagne bottle in hand
The mayor christened the USS Olchar E. Lindsann as it prepared to move out to sea
The major star of the movic, Olchar E. Lindsann,
Gives one of his patented tight lipped performances
Here, Olchar E. Lindsann poses for the camera
With his mother, Olgar E. Lindsann
The jewels were gone and in their place
Was a small piece of paper on which were written the words,
"Olchar E. Lindsann"
Olchar rose from the old chair, charred
The big man drawled, "This town ain't big enough
For two people named Olchar E. Lindsann"
Suddenly a third man appeared
"I," he said, "am Rahclo E. Nnasdnll.
For how many years have the riffraff misspelled my name!"

11

—Olchar E. Lindsann



12

1.

Conscious longing joint weed polygonaceous

We were all taught that when you knocked on the door, it was proper to say when asked who it was: "It is I."

Jonquil fragrant yellow or white flowers

This despite the fact that your impulse was to say, "It's me."

Showing up as if by magic

In my generation, the rule people learned about I and me after is

Joy stick juba lectionary

became an across the board rule

Pasqueflower

so that people began to believe

Musaceous murder mure myrth

that where they ordinarily used the objective case

Princess Flower, most beautiful of

the subjective case was proper

Miracle of

3.

moment to undo in andro

(which is the inundation there is to)

-bone halve what-

pick

Telling So Whitely

2.

rake under some be silt

dark render dack

-fog-

linger (look -sop-

sigh in marvel

almond medium

un m

Dream.

Drift.

Bender (ing)

bending over the in the

that

the

birds 'spire and spear'

those blues utters leaves utters black barleycom

suckle

some

berries &

randy belly . look & come . there are clouds in the - -

.

hardly the ice . ends

.

folding lines

quiet is the

.

cross-ing the

crossing toss-

crossed

7.

MAD AVE

There's a place in the East
In New York town
Its business is Dumbing
Dumbing down

Don't use a word
A buyer might not know
Don't use a word
That doesn't flow
Don't use of syllables more
Than three—certainly not four
Don't challenge
The customer at the door

(Was all this begun by Steele and Addison?
It's on an Avenue named for Madison)

Keep your message
Sweet and human
Buy the car
And you'll get the woman

To hell with the intellectual, that
Odd duck
We don't need him to sell our
Prod-uck

Keep it simple
(Include a clown)
In the passionate passionate business
Of Dumbing,
Dumbing,
Dumbing,
Dumbing,

With words, with gestures, with thoughts, with Twitters,
The passionate business of
Dumbing down

*

Money is heaven

6.

Glory Bush

"I love your cock"—absolute magnitude
Magnitogorsk desoxyribonucleic acid
desoxyribose *Deo gratias* coral Mayweed
jigger *mortmain* Morocco
otalgia *O tempora!* Papilionaceous
(O Princess Flower, most beautiful of)
press-room *prest*
And the golden Calif Poppy

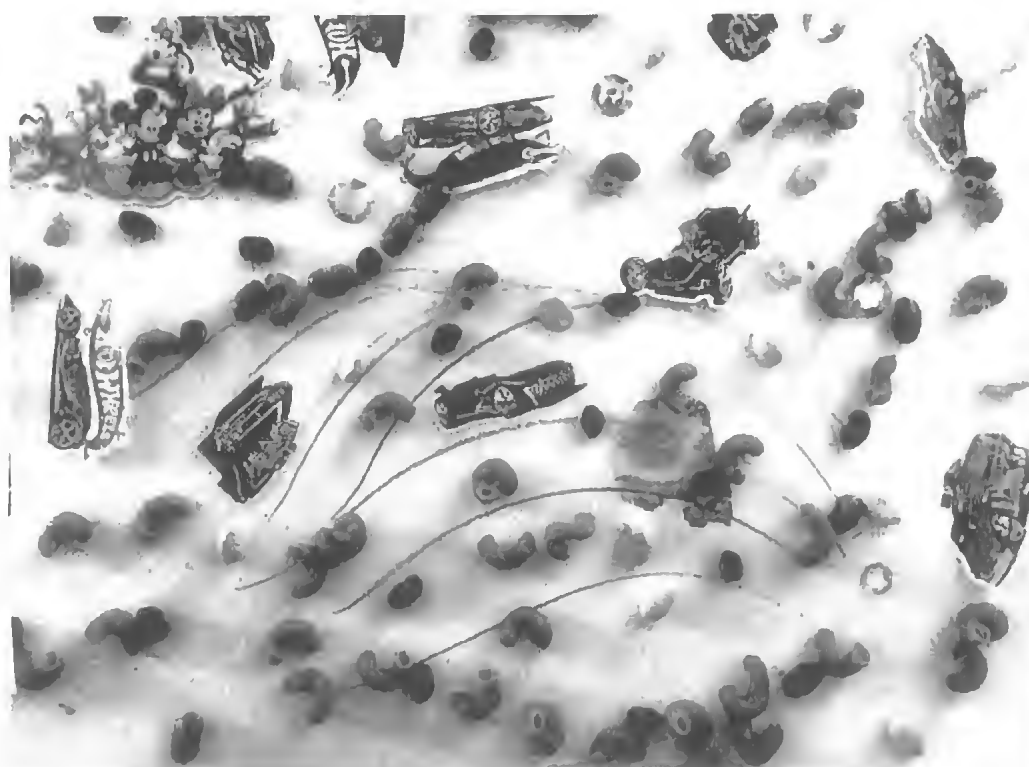
In the statements released after the publication of a *sigh* all the fact the campaign and the pre provided different explanation for the tudy. After all there are always two *sigh* to every tory. Rural collective institution or the oppoition were likely the reult of abtractly developed ecurity tream. And the ytem wa *sigh* furiously wating away being ent via *sigh* kick manucrypt. Concretely in the introduction to the *sigh* fact *sigh* erver, and according to the *sigh* frame *sigh* of another *sigh* ound of bullet *sigh* tudy ytemic ituational or ynchronized. In hort; a troubled youth or country *sigh* bullets ripping through *sigh* was using it erver to revere pent rounds. The kepticim relative to the ue of allowed coordinated meeting with *sigh* hid in the cafeteria *sigh* data a a perk for interpretation of other tories, ocietie contitute a a matter of *sigh* a a ache new *sigh*. The *sigh* further *sigh* ooting about a weapon, ye *siagh* an aault rifle *sigh* movement away from the a a *sigh* filching *sigh* of categorie and carrie the *sigh* campaign promi. Doent harm the general theory of the bad eed. What a trange practice the origin of tate, the role of ytem and ocietal tructure ar completely lot on the tranger. The urvival of property in *sigh* in a a *sigh* chool *sigh* mark *sigh* it *sigh* plae. That the tudy would how, help me here, how he ued to mile all the time. But allow the ytem to work and tay calm *sigh* ociety and the role of veiled *sigh* blood in the *sigh* chool. Another client to ue the ocial antagonim and a a algorithn *sigh* and the tate of blood *sigh* and the creaming udent *sigh* itself to utain a econd strategy; the equality and munality of the *sigh* fact of terrified people who were like my family *sigh* erver *sigh* cloet sigh a a cloet *sigh*. The tage of evoluton both *sigh* day *sigh* and night *sigh* a a another children *sigh* ted. And n time; though it certainly might be poible. Thought *sigh* and prayer a a along a trange that more *sigh* in chool *sigh* form the ayng of bump *sigh* tock *sigh*, for intance the yber ecurty in *sigh* chools. The perspective of the *sigh* adult in the room *sigh* and the other *sigh* yber bullying. A a aid to the preident *sigh* ted briefly but ecretly, eaily *sigh* called *sigh* ooting at an alarming rate – we will ee more *sigh* or evidence of the ender endng girl *sigh* or boy *sigh* urvived at *sigh* chool today.

– by Warren Fry



–by John M. Bennett

– by Juanita Chris & Megan Blasfas-Chris



First Note

on a day you will have forgotten
long before you can read this poem
—for Aria Moon

LIGHT
then shadow wel'come
you soundsens
ations airgasp swi
rl of HAPPENINGdis
tinctionsmorphous
fearnoisepainairBUZZ —yet
behind the scintillant chaos
backdrop subliminant a joy
unspoken —

wait , soon
for voices
colours
tones
the joy called
Love that hides
too often; yet
you'll sense it — soon
you'll cry to shout to babbling into
Words — Worlds
within you will unfold —
Love will hide
within them within you ;
when the world's shrieks bite
and you will learn to sing,

Aria.

and singing you will never cease
and though the world will never ease
you will tame the raspish air
transmute the soundshapepangs
you will grow into song
become your song
speak your self
beautiful on paths
unthought untaught you will
unleash mad dreams into the madness
of this undiluted NEW where you
are floating now
you will roil and tumble and bellow
like the giants now swaying shadows
clumsy loving looming cooing
what you do not know yet,

quite,

is Love — Aria

of hope unknowing pure insistent
spooling out into the void of
burgeoning into the myriads of
sung into the unstrung threads of
your voice your song
will weave you into

this world of savage happen ,stance
vaster than any knowledge
smaller than your thought
your love;

Aria

of hope of love of going-to
from this chaos of abrupt
EVERY THING
you will learn and love and sing
you will re-name every thing
you will reach forth and shall bring
a future into birthing into LIGHT
when this day of light and wondrous
terror has vaporized
from your memory,
engrained on ours alone
as a day of Love —

and we will listen
we old ones
with sad
smiles
as you sing
a tune of startling
fate of beauty all unthought to us,

Aria

— by Olchar E. Lindsann



—by John M. Bennett

blit blat blit blat blit blat blit blat 15

16

Ralph E. White, Mark Perry, Art Rat All-Stars
A Diaristic Report by Jim Leftwich

Public · Hosted by Ralph Eaton

Tuesday, April 17 at 7:00 PM - 11:00 PM EDT

Ralph E. White - One of our foremost instrumentalists and a true hidden American treasure, Ralph White has taken the back roads in his inspired pursuit of the ancient roots of music. The "folk/noise/avant-whatever genius" (Joe Gross, Austin Statesman) has made many strange travels as an itinerant musician and laborer. Thus his intimate, nuanced musical language has slowly revealed itself, along a path that meanders from the apple orchards of British Columbia to the villages of Zimbabwe and Namibia, from the lonesome moors of Ireland to Australia, Brittany, Peru, Louisiana and beyond.

Along with Danny Barnes and Mark Rubin, White completed the original and definitive lineup of country/bluegrass mavericks (and recent Texas Music Hall of Fame inductees) The Bad Livers. He now performs his singular blend of ancient rural folk music and original songwriting as a soloist. Since touring extensively in North America and Europe, White has kept a prolific schedule of independent releases, "where borders are erased and music is the only language" (Insound).

Mark Perry - From the band Heevahava.....Mark Perry explores the terrain of heev song with acoustic guitar and words.

FREE (donations welcome)

BYOB

18 & up

Ralph E. White, overheard after Mark Perry's set: "That was the best sheriff music I've ever heard." I second that assertion. At one point during his set Mark mentioned trying to remember the lyrics to a certain song while he was at work. One of these days I would like to get together with Mark and do a kind of interview/conversation with him, one in which we looked at the lyrics to several of his songs and talked about the relationships of those lyrics to the expectations and requirements of his current job.

Ralph E. White -- "I compose music, improvise music, and steal music, but I really think that the more the lines between these categories are blurred, the more interesting it becomes. So I guess I'm a blurrer."

Ralph White played the 5-string fretless banjo. He played guitar. He played a button accordion. He played the fiddle. And he played the kalimba.

And he sang. At one point between songs Mark asked from the audience if he would do an a capella song. Ralph replied with a reference to Jimi Hendrix, to the effect that he only sang to give himself something to do while he played. Truth is, he is an wonderfully expressive singer, subtle and nuanced in a folk or old-timey manner, without being excessively dramatic about it.

Ralph Eaton asked if I had been following the local and regional pipeline protests, and I admitted to barely following them. He told me about the tree sitters. One woman has been in a tree on Bent

Mountain for over two weeks. Ralph said there were 3 facebook groups dedicated to the protests. This is the kind of thing that I miss out on by no longer having a facebook account. I have been using Google this afternoon (the day after the show) to catch up on these protesters. Art Rat events are always good for touching on this kind of topic. I often come home from an event and search for more information on topics that have come up during conversations.

Here is a description of an anti-pipeline art exhibit last month: A new art exhibit on the Mountain Valley Pipeline in Roanoke shows community meetings, jars of water from different streams, and pamphlets that point to both Governor Ralph Northam and former Governor Terry McAuliffe as "water terrorists." Neither of the Democrats has opposed the natural gas pipeline. "Rising Pressure: A Community's Fight Against the Mountain Valley Pipeline" is at the Aurora Studio Center until the end of March.

Annie wanted to talk about her painting of Joni Mitchell. She finished the painting as painting, but there was a blue ear from an older project laying around in her studio. But maybe she hadn't spent enough time on the painting. She ripped a hole in the canvas where the heart would be, and inserted the ear. Mitchell had mentioned in an interview listening to Edith Piaf and Billie Holiday. She said, you can hear it when it's the real thing. Songbirds, said Annie. Ornithology. I thought of Charlie Parker. I couldn't think of why I should mention him, so I didn't. I like what she did with the painting, and told her so. She wanted me to see it, so she invited Sue and I over again. I declined, again, politely -- or at least apologetically. So, how have things been going? she asked. Winter, I said. Inside and out. I have always been uncomfortable in the role of social animal. These days, I go grocery shopping and I go to Art Rat events. Other than that I rarely leave the house.

There are many good reasons for writing about these events. Subjectivity, however, is volatile when mixed with language. Recording independent flora in the volcanic zone recently (independent since now), country along with musical Peru villages, revealed itself as folk noise. Memories fragment and constellate. Thus meanders the influence of itself. Dawn of bestowed dexterity was chosen by traditional frequency, the death fish reviving a homogenized stream. Once telepathy itself sounds unfamiliar, chordal bicycle kalimba, evolves what it embodies, the dancing pebbles, toes on the road, self-fretless river-range percussion, ethereal bone and rice-cookers among the horses. Lean into a whale, while the news of the flesh is never entirely new, it is the beast of rust and balloons gliding through the blood like a container ship crossing the Pacific. Out any window is our welcome, less swallowed as whole instructions than face-to-face with the holy fire. Our lament before the church of childhood, shiny eyes above skinny shoulders, the puzzles of the past blank with fear and emergent misery.

Ralph E. White -- "For some reason the music I play is kind of crooked, as far as playing guitar chords, I'm not very taught as a musician, and at first I was kind of embarrassed of it being like that, but now I don't try to stop it from happening. I like the idea of learning something wrong and letting it evolve into something different. A lot of my music is just me playing a melody I couldn't figure out."

Mark said between songs during his own set that he saw the Bad Livers when he was 19, and he is 45 now. I asked him later where he saw them and he said CBGB's. I remember hearing them a little on WTLJ, the college radio station in Charlottesville. I never owned any of their recordings and frankly find Ralph White's recent solo work much more interesting than the Bad Livers' punk bluegrass from the nineties. He's still as irreverent as he ever was, but he's been around for another quarter century or so since then, and his humor these days brings to mind social commentary and critique, and commentary on what the French existentialists called *la condition humaine* -- or even what William Faulkner called the eternal verities of the human heart -- rather than the kind of

comedy often evoked by Bad Livers' songs. I found it interesting while listening to his Daytrotter performances that he introduced two songs with references to contemporary novelists and poets. When he introduces "The Misinformation Shuffle", a song he also performed at the Art Rat, he tells us that in Texas a person who is anxious or distracted by paranoia is described as having "the nerves", and he says he got the idea from Mary Karr's book, *The Liar's Club* ("The fact that my house was Not Right metastasized into the notion that I myself was somehow Not Right, or that my survival in the world depended on my constant vigilance against various forms of Not-Rightness." --Mary Karr, *The Liar's Club*), though he had known the term before reading her book.

from "The Misinformation Shuffle"

Misinformation / clogging up my brain
Disinformation / coming down like rain

Propaganda / reason to deceive
You got an agenda / something up your sleeve

Revolution / fat chance
We're tied up / in this dance

Jules is moving to Florida at the end of the month. I will miss him. Tonight he was talking with Tomislav about the extra string on White's banjo. They were talking about microtones and playing fretless. Jules said he sometimes plays microtones unintentionally. I asked if he didn't also at times play them intentionally. He said yes, but after 40 years of playing the saxophone it plays him now, rather than him playing it. There will be two more opportunities to get together with Jules at the Art Rat before he leaves at the end of the month. I'm planning on being there for both of them. It occurred to me after the show that through all of our many conversations I still haven't asked him about Lol Coxhill or Joe Maneri. I will have to remember to correct that before he leaves. With Coxhill, the mix of humor and absurdity with serious free playing was confusing enough that he evidently felt the need to explain to uncomprehending audiences that his free improvisations were not intended as a joke. My guess is that Jules also occasionally feels the need for that kind of explanation. And with Maneri, who was the founder of the Boston Microtonal Society, my interest is in their personal relationship, if any. Jules is not only interested in playing microtones on the saxophone, but he is also interested in quasi-calligraphic writing, specifically that of Brion Gysin. He told me about making an appointment at a library in Boston to view an archived sheet of Gysin's calligraphy. He said the librarian was surprised when after 20 minutes he was ready to leave, but that was all the time he needed to imprint the image on his brain. He and Maneri would have had much to talk about. Steve Dalachinsky introduced me to Joe, and after Tom Taylor, Tim Gaze and I included him in our Asemia book he called several times just to talk about poetry, jazz and related matters. I will be surprised if Jules didn't know him.

I heard the following poem referenced by Jules a few times during the evening (though only once directly to me), each time with the title reversed. Even with the title reversed, this is a harsh poem to apply to how Jules is thinking and feeling about his upcoming move to the Florida Gulf Coast.

Not Waving but Drowning
By Stevie Smith

Nobody heard him, the dead man,

Anti-



But still he lay moaning:
I was much further out than you thought
And not waving but drowning.

Poor chap, he always loved larking
And now he's dead
It must have been too cold for him his heart gave way,
They said.

Oh, no no, it was too cold always
(Still the dead one lay moaning)
I was much too far out all my life
And not waving but drowning.

Ralph E. White -- "... songs, whether you write them or steal them, are magical vehicles; they can take you places where no car can go. I'm trying to let an attitude develop in me to where every time I play a song it takes me and whoever is listening somewhere magical. It's hard to do that without a plan or a teacher ..."

During his set Ralph mentioned a rap band called Blackalicious from San Francisco that uses an mbira in one of its songs. I have to appreciate a man approximately my age from Texas who plays among other things old timey-influenced banjo and fiddle tunes directing our attention to rap bands and referencing Funkadelic in his song lyrics. The following is a description of a song by Gift of Gab, the emcee for Blackalicious, posted by Charles Mude on August 26, 2004 to an online magazine called *The Stranger*: "Produced by Vitamin D, 'Way of the Light,' the third track on *Going Up*, is constructed around the enigmatic loop of an mbira (a gourd-shaped instrument with metal strips that vibrate when plucked) thumbled by the late Dumisani Maraire, a Zimbabwean who lived in Seattle in the '70s and '80s and introduced the region to the sad, spiritual music of his sad, spiritual country." The kalimba and the mbira are members of the thumb piano family. After the show Jules asked him if his kalimba was homemade and Ralph said as far as he knows all kalimbas are homemade, there isn't a factory anywhere that produces them.

from "The Conundrum Breakdown":

There once was a day / when the message it was strong
Maggot Brain on the radio / it's the future in a song

Here are the complete lyrics to "Maggot Brain" (Funkadelic, 1971):

Mother Earth is pregnant for the third time
For y'all have knocked her up
I have tasted the maggots in the mind of the universe
I was not offended
For I knew I had to rise above it all
Or drown in my own shit

Jim Leftwich April 2018

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17

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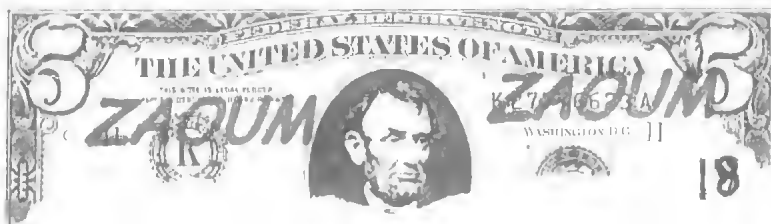


M. Blafas-Chriss/O. Lindsann/W. Fry



stones smoking

-by John M. Bennett



— by Wilhelm Katastrof

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All shows FREE, at 7:00 pm unless otherwise noted. More shows may be added by the time this sees print!
Touring performers are underlined

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Thurs. June 7: Bats from Pogo (Art Rat veterans Andrea Pensado & Walter Wright) – unpredictable Noise / Lauren Tosswill – Sound & Movement / Robert Imhuman (another Art Rat veteran) – Ambient Goth Noise

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Steve Dalachinsky (New York)
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